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# The Cookie Man Goes On A Diet



cookie

humor

drama

266 34 26

## Chapter 1 by intellikat

Not that he really wanted to... but his airliner had crashed in the desert and there was absolutely nothing to eat except for the bloating bodies of the other passengers littered about the crash site.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



As he wandered across the barren expanse of yellow, the Cookie Man thought back to what his doctor had told him just one day before.

The Cookie Man had been diagnosed with cancer.

## Chapter 3 by Phantim



Those purple things on his chest he had always thought of as his delicious and precious gum drop buttons had turned out to be inoperable tumors. Even now as he walked he could feel them sucking the life from his tiny body. The doctor had given him only weeks to live... looking around the desert now though, he wasn't sure he even had days.

## Chapter 4 by Heather Marie Black



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But his thoughts wandered once more to her, the delicate sugar coated, gloss laden doughnut of his dreams. They were just once more lovers, just once more he'd love to gaze upon her sprinkled eyes, until that fateful day came.

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when a rather tubby man, with grubby hands forced her delicate body into his. With grunts and smacking lips, the love of his life was gone.

### Chapter 5 by LethalPianist



He could feel it eating him up inside. Metaphorically and Physically. Both the guilt of not being able to help her, and the cancer ate him up inside.

He could feel his icing melt off his cookie-brown face. The heat was unbearable. He was being cooked from the inside.

Again.

He was hungry. Beyond hungry. But rotten flesh was not exactly a good meal choice. He looked down at himself. He had always been told that his kind tasted amazing. The cookie man got an idea.

He plucked one of the purple gumdrops from himself. The pain was excruciating, and icing flowed out from his gaping wound, but he'll live.

He then ate the gumdrop.

### Chapter 6 by Wonder Story - In College



It was delicious and he didn't know icing was so good. He considered eating the icing flowing out of him but decided against it. Now he was thirsty and needed some milk.

After 2 hours off walking, the Cookie man decided to rest. He made a tent out of the blankets on the plane and went to bed. As he slept he dreamed of the doughnut.

"Cookie..." The dream donut said.

"Doughia...?" His dream-self replied.

"In order to get me back and to save yourself you must find the whip of cream" she explained

"What's that?"

See more of Story Wars

"It's found in the Sprinkle

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restored." Doughia started to fade away.

eat it, and all will be

"No! Wait, Dougiaaaaaaaaaaah...!" He woke up and saw that it was morning.

## Chapter 7 by intellikat



"It must have been a metaphor," thought the Cookie Man, remembering the Intro to Psychology course he had taken at community college, and the section on Freud and Jung. For a moment he pondered the words of Doughia and wondered what the images might symbolize.

And that is when, like a bright bing cherry dropping into a dollop of full cream, he understood.

The whip of cream represented his unresolved sexual frustrations. His inability to attach to any females in his life, and the suffering that it had led to for others, and especially for him.

The Sprinkle Forest was this desert he was in.

And the desert itself, a metaphor deeper still.

The Cookie Man was not in a desert. Nor was he even a man made of gingerbread.

The Cookie Man was a mild-mannered accountant named Kurt, under deep hypnosis in his psychoanalyst's office in lower Manhattan.

## Chapter 8 by Lizabeth Sche



All of this meant something. It meant a lot of things. Kurt was so disengaged from his own psyche, it would have to be unraveled. But how did he get this way, not knowing why he did the things he did? He was on a mission to find out.

He had given the good doctor all the clues he had. There were flashbacks that almost said something, then didn't. Kurt had been at a standstill, unable to function properly in his life. He took steps to move forward. It would definitely be painful. He was brave in his fear.

the end

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